the table. Potted plants fill the tiny window; alone the electric light with its wiring disturbs the picture.

In the kitchen the covered range has almost completely banished the open fire, but the chimney-place is still often vaulted. It is called the "heaven", although covered with oily, shining soot and black as hell. But this heaven does not "hang full of violins", but full of sides of smoked bacon and sausages. In the dairy the wooden cream dishes have given place to the centrifugal separator and metal utensils. But the butter-tub, in which the butter is made by churning or pounding, still remains.

Except on feast days the peasants' diet is sparingly supplied with meat but rich in fat. *Knödel* (dumplings), small cakes, dough-nuts, stewed fruit and *Schmarrn* (a sort of broken-up pancake), thick soup and potatoes make up the simple, healthy fare. All eat from one dish. Grace is said before and after meals. Occasionally there will be butter and bacon to eat with the black bread which the true peasant bakes himself.

Much more could be told of the peasantry of Tyrol, of cowsheds, haylofts and threshing floors, of the ricks of hay and corn, of forestry and hunting, of mountain pastures, cow pastures and hay-fields, of sheep-pens and shearing, of fences, gates and stiles. How many townfolk know that a proper fence, like a peasant house built in the old manner, needs no nails and no scrap of iron? What do they know of the customs at weddings and baptisms?

For the farmer, his "*loden*" cape of coarse, woollen cloth is sufficient even when the weather is coldest. He must be able to move his arms freely, and at work in the open he does not feel the cold. In the house he goes about in shirt-sleeves. When he is abroad he carries an enormous gamp to protect him from the rain.

The farmer's wife wears long dresses almost suggesting a nun's habit, covered on weekdays by a blue working apron. On Sundays she dons her special finery—